

The TATLER

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and **BYSTANDER**

London
April 11, 1945



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THE TATLER

LONDON
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Marcus Adams

The Hon. Mrs. Dennis Smyly and Her Sons

Married in 1939 to Lieutenant-Colonel Dennis Douglas Pilkington Smyly, Mrs. Smyly was formerly the Hon. Dorothy Margaret Berry, and is the third of the five daughters of the late Lord Buckland of Bwlch and of Lady Buckland, of Woolton Hall, Newbury. Her husband is at present serving overseas with his regiment. The Smylys have two sons, David Henry, born in 1941, and two-year-old Richard Mark, who are seen in this picture with their mother



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Conquerors

THE war in Europe marches to its appointed end with the efficiency and apparent perfection which comes ultimately to conquering armies. The Allies are enveloping Germany in all their mechanical might from west and east and south. We are all waiting for the word which will formally announce the end of hostilities, but have you noticed how everybody peers into the future with so much caution and with what seem to be so many mental reservations? It is all so different from the end of the last war. True, in 1918, the first great world war ended with an unexpected suddenness. When the Armistice was sounded, the German armies were more or less intact, although defeat was certainly facing them. Now they are largely disorganized, and many of them are smashed beyond any power of reorganization. There is no uncertainty about the defeat of Germany. It can be said with confidence that it has already occurred. The length of the war depends entirely on the scale of isolated resistance which the German High Command can maintain for a period of a few weeks, and finally on what Hitler may have prepared within the Bavarian redoubt around his home at Berchtesgaden.

Conference

THE lessons of the last war are weighing heavily upon us, and everywhere one finds an anxiety to avoid the mistakes which were then made, or it is thought that they were made. We see this anxiety developing in regard to the plans for the forthcoming conference of the United Nations at San Francisco. The object of this conference is to draft a Charter for a new world security organization to replace the League of Nations. Discussions among the Powers preliminary to the conference have led to rumours of its postponement. Up to the moment of writing it is officially

announced that postponement is out of the question, but the fact that Soviet Russia will not be represented by M. Molotov, the Commissar for Foreign Affairs, is certainly a blow to the prestige of the conference.

The failure, so far, to organize a more broadly based national Government in Poland, which can be represented at San Francisco is another blow to the prospects of the conference, which Mr. Anthony Eden has declared might be regarded "as our last chance" to find real world security. The upshot of this anxiety is expressed in the desire now being voiced that there should be another meeting between President Roosevelt, Mr. Churchill and Marshal Stalin to smooth out any misunderstandings which may have emanated from the later disclosures about the Yalta Conference and to pave the way for peace in Europe and to better the prospects of the San Francisco Conference. There is also the problem of the occupation of Germany, which may be upon us at any moment. It is not going to be an easy problem to solve. Many difficulties are bound to arise, as much out of the determination of the Allies to handle this necessary operation efficiently as from anything else.

Priority

ADOLF HITLER undoubtedly still presents the Allies with the greatest of all problems. What will this extraordinary man do? I put the question this way, for up to this moment the initiative does rest with him. If the Allies should capture him in the immediate future, then the responsibility rests with them. But at the moment Hitler is at liberty to decide the form of his own fate, whether to surrender himself in some grand and dramatic way and to die as a martyr for Germany, or whether to disappear—if he can—to live out his life in a manner which will forever remain a legend for the German people, or whether merely to make

away with himself in some rather ordinary manner.

There is a lot of discussion about the best way of dealing with Hitler should he come within the Allied range. Mr. Anthony Eden has told the House of Commons that if any British soldier should happen to meet one of the leading Nazi war criminals, he will know what to do. If I read the meaning of this statement aright, it might be the most satisfactory and salutary way of dealing with Hitler and his like. The martyrdom of Hitler is something which must be avoided at all costs. Obviously the Allied leaders are very much aware of this plain fact. Maybe the best idea would be to incarcerate him in some lonely place, to live out his normal life alone with the thoughts of his cruel triumphs and his bitter failures.

Reversal

IN one important respect this war will end much differently from the last. Russia has climbed to a position of great power. It may be that she is destined to be a greater power and to have much wider influence, particularly in Europe, than she has ever had before. It seems as if all the faith and the confidence—all those qualities which ultimately triumphed over Napoleon's grandiose military schemes—have come to fruition and their full strength almost in the twinkling of an eye after four years of the greatest of all modern struggles. A friend back from Russia says that her modern strength is formidable; it is to be seen and felt everywhere. "You can see it in the streets, in the eyes of the people and, above all, in the perfection of their military formations."

In the last war Russia collapsed and was rent with suffering and revolt. In this war she has had plenty of suffering, but there are no divisions; there is no revolt. She is approaching the summit of her power and her ambitions are spread before her. My friend says that the most marked of all Russian determinations is to win the war as quickly as possible, and then to make sure that Germany does not rise again to threaten her. For this reason we shall see as time goes on that Soviet Russia is more concerned with assuring the security of her own frontiers than anything else. She will not put her trust in anything else but her own power to defend herself and to protect her interests.

We have yet to see how far these interests will widen, but my friend insists that the present



Lady Louis Mountbatten in a Jeep

Lady Louis Mountbatten, wife of the Supreme Commander South-East Asia, recently visited troops of the 26th Division on Ramree Island. She was met by Major-General C. E. N. Lomax, who commands the Division. They are seen in an amphibious jeep going to inspect a casualty clearing station



At a R.A.F. Boxing Match in Holland

Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, Lady Tedder and Air Marshal Sir John Slessor were spectators at a boxing match between two R.A.F. groups of the 2nd T.A.F., at a Malcolm Club in Holland. Lady Tedder is founder and organizer of the Malcolm Clubs



Helped Montgomery Cross the Rhine

Major-General Sir Percy Hobart (right) is the man responsible for the training of Field-Marshal Montgomery's first Rhine assault units. Fifty-nine, and a tank pioneer, he joined the Home Guard in 1940, but was later re-employed by the Army. He is seen with one of his officers

regime in Russia does not intend to waste time attempting to export Communism. Soviet Russia will co-operate with Britain and the United States, and with others who wish to do so with her.

Journey

WHILE we are used to the Prime Minister undertaking long and arduous journeys by car, it must be said that Mrs. Churchill has shown remarkable spirit in undertaking the journey to Russia to see the results of her aid-to-Russia Fund. It is no small undertaking even at the best of times, to fly such a long distance. But apparently Mrs. Churchill, who has devoted herself so wholeheartedly to the collection of money to help the Russian people, is so deeply interested in the work that she undertook the journey almost light-heartedly. She will remain in Russia for at least a month, and will visit various parts of the country. In Moscow she will be the guest of the Soviet

Government. Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, the British Ambassador, will also act as host for her from time to time.

Visitor

ONCE more Field-Marshal Smuts is in London. It is his fourth visit since the war started. He has been taking part in the Empire discussions which are preliminary to the San Francisco Conference. Field-Marshal Smuts is more experienced than almost any man alive in the problems of peace-making. His was a large share in the drafting of the constitution of the old League of Nations. He also played an important role at the Peace Conference. Years rest lightly on this South African statesman and, like Mr. Churchill, air travel has no terrors for him, nor does it appear to impose any undue strain on his physique. For a man well over seventy, he is an example of extraordinary fitness. Each time the Field-Marshal brings a gift from South Africa for Mr. Churchill. On this occasion it was an ash tray made from an old pear tree which he used to climb as a boy. The gift was the result of an idea of a few of the prominent people who live near Malmesbury, Field-Marshal Smuts's birthplace. They have arranged to give Field-Marshal Smuts a victory casket made of wood from the same tree

Minister?

MR. LESLIE HORE BELISHA, who was Secretary of State for War when hostilities started, was given special facilities at Easter time to visit the armies in the line. He went to Germany, and on his way back stayed at the British Embassy in Paris with Mr. Duff Cooper, the British Ambassador, and Lady Diana Duff Cooper. In political quarters it is freely rumoured that when Mr. Churchill forms his "caretaker" Government, Mr. Hore Belisha will be given an important post. He and Mr. Churchill are on very good terms, and the fact that the former War Secretary has left the Liberal National group and is now an Independent member of the House of Commons will make him more easily available should the Prime Minister require his services. With the end of the war in sight, there is every prospect that Mr. Churchill will soon be forming his new Government with which he will launch his appeal to the country, although there is still uncertainty whether the election will come in June, July or late September.



Gen. Eaker Visits Yugoslavia

General Ira Eaker, Commander of the 15th American Air Force, visited Belgrade to thank Marshal Tito personally for the assistance given by Partisans to crashed American airmen in Yugoslavia. He is seen with Colonel Thayer, head of the American Mission in Belgrade



British Ambassador Arrives in Belgrade

Mr. R. Stevenson, British Ambassador to Yugoslavia, was met by Dr. Subasic, the Yugoslav Prime Minister, when he arrived by aeroplane in Belgrade. They are seen leaving the airport en route for the British Embassy



An Exhibition of War Paintings

Field-Marshal Lord Milne opened an exhibition of official war paintings by Captain Peter McIntyre at the New Zealand Fernleaf Club, Loundes Square. They are seen in front of the artist's portrait of Lord Wavell, Viceroy of India. Captain Peter McIntyre is New Zealand's first official war artist



A Sculptor and His Fighter Pilot Model

Mr. A. H. Gerrard, the well-known sculptor of the Slade School, is seen at work on a bust of Wing Commander "Johnny" Johnson, D.S.O., D.F.C., famous fighter pilot. Mr. Gerrard has been visiting the Continent to make bronze busts of R.A.F. aces, which will be used for war records

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Spookery and Crime

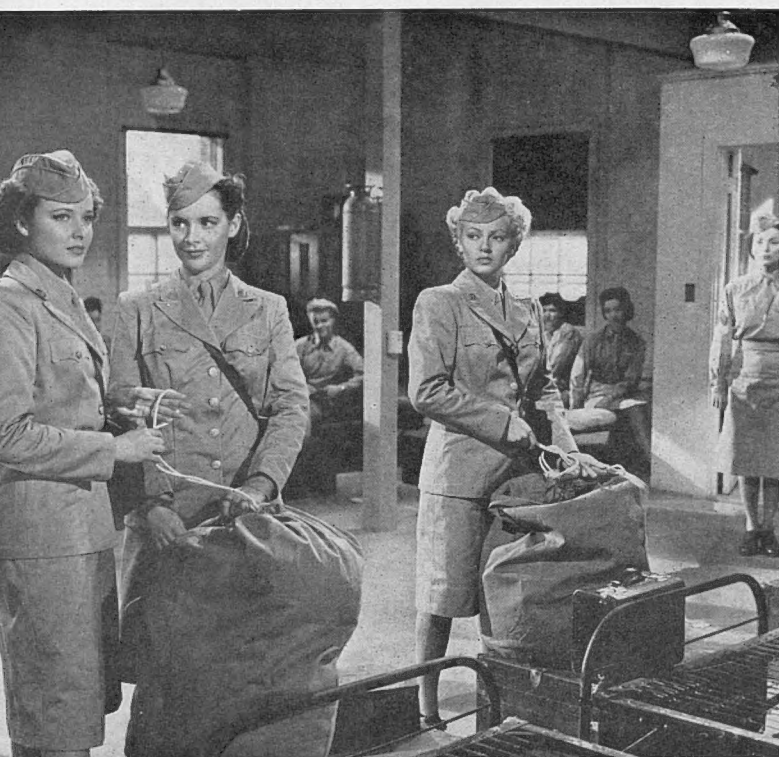
By James Agate

TIMES change, but we don't always change with them. Or some of us don't. Forty years ago Montague could write about an absurd melodrama: "The badinage ranges among such lawful topics as the compulgence of one's father's guests." Modern taste appears to regard a dead wife as a lawful topic. I am afraid I am old-fashioned in this matter. I don't think Dickens would have considered the materialization—to use the spiritualistic word—of Dora to David Copperfield and Agnes as a theme for farce. I confess on that first night of Mr. Coward's *Blithe Spirit*, now

claim to be the stronger because the priest in his case was a bishop. The *Père Eternel*, protesting that His earthly agents are sometimes in the habit of promising more than they can perform, tells the widow that she may choose between her husbands. To which she replies: "If, as I doubt not, you are infinitely good, Seigneur, you will give me leave to choose, not either my earthly husbands, but M. de Séricourt who from his little cloud on the left has been making signs to me for the last quarter of an hour." This has always seemed to me to be an admirable story.

audience laughed heartily the other morning and at the hour of half-past-eight by the sun—an hour at which I confess I laugh with difficulty. Let me say that Rex Harrison, Constance Cummings, and Kay Hammond do well enough, and that when, æons hence, Margaret Rutherford arrives in the Upper Regions, she will find me in my little cloud on the left winking prodigiously.

C. E. MONTAGUE said of Ibsen's last play that it affected him "like a large, complicated machine working in a dark room; one peered in here and there, and saw part of a wheel going round with apparent purpose, or a piece of belting that seemed to imply coherence in the same apparatus, but the next moment it whirled on indistinguishably, and even that small clue was lost." I thought of this description during the showing of *The Unseen* (Plaza) which is a thriller of the most complicated kind. It begins well. Hear friend Synopsis: "It is midnight when a small boy draws back the curtain of No. 10, Crescent Drive, and props a toy elephant on the sill.



"*Keep Your Powder Dry*" is another film written around women in the war. Three girls, Valerie Parks, a wealthy society girl (Lana Turner), Ann Darrison, whose husband is serving overseas (Susan Peters), and Leigh Rand, daughter of a Major-General (Laraine Day), meet in the WACs. Jealousy between Valerie and Leigh leads to continual squabbles with Ann the self-appointed peacemaker between them. The two girls only come to their senses when the death of Ann's husband on service teaches them there are more serious things in war than petty jealousy and childish displays of temperament. "*Keep Your Powder Dry*," which is directed by Edward Buzzell, is at the Empire

getting on for four years ago, to being genuinely shocked at the second wife's remark: "Elvira was of the earth, earthy." And the husband's reply: "Well, she is now, anyway." (The line has, I believe, been deleted in the film version at the Odeon.)

AM I, then, offended by jokes about Heaven and Hell? I think it depends upon the joker. I am not offended, for example, by Hector Crémieux's libretto to Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers*. Nor by Halévy's story entitled "The Dream." The scene is Paradise, and Gaston and Raoul lay claim to the wife they have had on earth, a priest having made them this promise at the Churches of Saint-Clotilde and the Madeleine. Raoul holds his

How comes it, then, that I was not able to laugh at *Blithe Spirit*? It can't be because the characters are Wimbledonish, and when they use the word "necessarily" put the accent on the third syllable instead of the first, for the characters in Halévy's story are every bit as suburban as those in Mr. Coward's play. Some of the wit was good. I remember on the first night, saluting as an honest effort, the first wife's: "I was playing backgammon with Genghis Khan when that child-nuisance of a control paged me." I did not hear this the other day in the film, whose wit seems to me to be on the lower level of "She was recovering from pneumonia and laughed so much at a B.B.C. Variety Programme that she died from heart failure." However, the



"*The Unseen*" is a psychological murder mystery centring round the home of a widowed shipbuilder, David Fielding (Joel McCrea). Elizabeth Howard (Gail Russell) goes to the Fielding home as governess to the two motherless children, Barnaby and Ellen (Richard Lyon and Nona Griffith), and finds herself involved in a double murder mystery in which Barnaby unwittingly helps the murderer. The film is based on a novel by Ethel Lina White and introduces in his first big part Richard Lyon, son of Bêbé Daniels and Ben Lyon. The part is said to be one of the most difficult ever attempted by a boy of Richard's age, and as a result of his performance he has been signed up on a seven years' contract with options by Paramount

An elderly woman walking along the street stops at the untenanted house next door, arrested by a flicker of light between the boarded-up windows. . . . A moment later, she is lying in the gutter, dead."

AFTER this the plot does not merely thicken, it resolves itself into a rock of impenetrable mystery, confusion and false clues. We hear of more and more murders; a little boy (Richard Lyon) becomes the agent of the murderer; an elderly lady (Isobel Elsom) arrives to take possession of the untenanted house, which belonged to her husband; a governess (Gail Russell) wanders in and out and goes to and fro, ringing up the police, consulting the family doctor (Herbert

Marshall) and rummaging in drawers. Evil-faced creatures drift hither and thither, and it eventually turns out that they have nothing to do with the plot, and are just booby-traps. Who done it? we ask. Or rather, who done them?

ONE strongly suspects the owner of No. 11, Crescent Drive (Joel McCrea) who has a nasty temper and goes into alternate fits of fury and wheedling. After all, his wife was murdered some years before. Or how about that cook (Elizabeth Risdon) who leaves so mysteriously? Or Gail's predecessor, a glamorous creature with a tendency towards blackmail (Phyllis Brooks)? Ah, my friend, you must find this out for yourself. Synopsis refuses to give the solution away, and I follow suit. All I will say is that if you cannot see daylight in this labyrinth of false tracks, traps and misleading signposts, you will at any rate enjoy the excellent all-round acting. The child Lyon, who is son to Bébé and Ben, is certainly a find for Paramount who produce the film. He is a dark-haired, stern-featured youngster



"Men of Two Worlds" is in production at Denham and the company were visited there recently by Mr. J. Arthur Rank. Stars of this Two Cities film, which is being produced by John Sutor, are Eric Portman and Phyllis Calvert. Mr. Rank was taken round the studios by Eric Portman (in shorts) and director Thorold Dickinson (right) and introduced to Esezia Makumbi, the young Uganda girl brought from East Africa to appear in the film



Left: Another film-set picture comes from the Gainsborough Studios where "The Wicked Lady" is in course of production, with Margaret Lockwood and James Mason in the leading roles. The company were visited by Lady Linlithgow, wife of the former Viceroy of India and Sir Henry Craik, Governor of the Punjab during Lord Linlithgow's term of office. Seated are Lady Linlithgow, Margaret Lockwood and Sir Henry Craik. Standing, Mr. R. J. Minney (who has written many notable books on India and acted as special press representative to the Duke of Connaught during his visit there), James Mason and Mr. Leslie Arliss

Below: At Ealing Studios Cavalcanti is directing "Dead of Night," described as an "omnibus" of ghost stories. Bobby Hovew visited the set to see his fourteen-year-old daughter, Sally Ann, show her paces. He went through the script with her under the guidance of Cavalcanti. Whether it was the arrival of such a distinguished visitor which made the ominous announcement on the blackboard necessary isn't recorded

with the voice of an infant sergeant-major, and he is a born actor. The dog Napoleon is worthy of his human colleagues and acts splendidly. But then dogs always do.

ONE word more. Let not filmgoers be led astray by the not-too-happy title of this film. It has nothing to do with the occult or the supernatural. It alludes presumably to the assassin. The only things which are unseen are the activities of the homicide which are developed in a Cimmerian darkness rendering killer, killed, and place of killing equally invisible. But that, one feels, is part of this latest Tale of Mystery and Imagination.

The best film of the week, it goes without saying, was the Academy revival of *Le Tricheur* with Sacha Guitry, now called *The Cheat*. This has been wonderfully dubbed, the English being spoken by Norman Shelley. Now anybody who can lip-read must know that any Frenchman saying: "Bon chance, mon vieux!" does not move his lips in the way that an Englishman must when he says: "Good luck, old chap!" But Guitry's lips are obviously framing the English words! Delectable mystery!



The Theatre

"The Gaieties" (Winter Garden)

WE all know Mr. Leslie Henson's faces. The author of "Immortal Toys" has reflected a few of them with love and knowledge. "They are not human features. He will, in moments of ecstasy, look at you out of eyes bulging like those of a moth which has eaten too much tapestry. Or, in the matter of indignant denial, shoot his head with the scowl of a tortoise accused of being born yesterday. Or, thrown by the passions, expire like Mrs. Leo Hunter's frog. Or, when the mood is abstract, crumple up his visage like a monkey contemplating the folly and ugliness of his keeper." These faces are all to be seen at the Winter Garden, but, for once, they do not seem to be part of the show; they lack occasion. They are something thrown in. The goldfish is infuriated, but what infuriates it is nine times out of ten negligible, unfunny.

TO say that there are good moments at the Winter Garden is like saying of a holiday that it did not rain all the time. With two such drolls as Mr. Henson and Miss Hermione Baddeley on tap some good moments were bound to come. The odd thing is that these bits of brightness are so few and so fugitive. Something has evidently gone wrong. It is possible that the trouble comes about through

of the trial scene from *The Merchant of Venice* merely in order to break it off with a joke about meat coupons. But played elaborately on a London stage the joke seems not only tasteless but incredibly feeble.

WHEN a great comedian is in form and his material is helpful we are apt to say in the heat of our enthusiasm that the man could make anything funny, even the multiplication table. Mr. Henson has earned this kind of reputation, but it is not a reputation which any comedian who trusts himself to the multiplication table is likely to keep. No comedian could make this Shylock joke funny. He is more himself as the portentously grave husband of a period piece, as a thunderingly indiscreet naval figurehead and as the ballad singer. Miss Baddeley is just as badly served by her material. She is like a ball lying full of bounce outside the reach of the racquet. She and Mr. Walter Crisham mildly burlesque the waltzes which have come again into fashion; as "a very prudish nude" she hits an easy target plump in the middle; but it is only as the commandant of the Women's Cheery Workers that she is enabled to give a brief proof of her true quality. Here she reaches absurdity with a genial abandon which suggests that she has a soft spot in her heart for all who cannot help being absurd. Mr. Crisham does his best with the crumbs that fall from the severely rationed table, and Miss Prudence Hyman makes a cheerful deal of nothing.

Avril Angers has a charm all her own. Here she is "nattering a bit—a case of mind over matter"

TOM TIT



Sketches by
Tom Titt



Mr. Henson having failed to make up his mind whether he was going to show London *Africa Stars*, the entertainment which he had taken to the desert and elsewhere, or to launch out into an entirely new *revue*. He seems in the end to have retained much of the material of the travelling show and tried at the same time to live up to West End standards of dress and *décor*. It is scarcely surprising that the old material should look rather shabby in its new setting. Conceivably it might be fun on an improvised stage to play straight a good chunk

Walter Crisham and Prudence Hyman dance delightfully, contributing some of the most charming moments of the show

Right: Hermione Baddeley and Leslie Henson present a close-up of the Victorians



THE *décor* is smart, and the dances arranged by Mr. Freddie Carpenter are pleasing in an unexciting way. So is the music played by Mr. Carroll Gibbons and his band. But the jokes are mostly such a tired lot that not even Mr. Henson and Miss Baddeley can put fresh life into them.

ANTHONY COOKMAN.



Fred Daniels

Star Stakes

Jean Kent an Odds-On Favourite

Great things are predicted for twenty-four-year-old Jean Kent. Many in the know consider her the coming star of British films, and Gainsborough has signed her up on long-term contract with the idea of building her for the top flight. Jean comes of a theatrical family. Her mother was a ballet dancer. While on tour an accident resulted in a torn ligament, and Jean was given the chance to understudy her mother. Experience as chorus girl and soubrette at the Windmill Theatre followed, and from there she went on to join Ernie Lotinga as his leading lady. In *Applesauce* she was spotted by a film talent scout and given her first chance on the screen. A long-term contract followed, under which she appeared in such well-known films as *Fanny by Gaslight*, *2,000 Women* and *Madonna of the Seven Moons*. Her latest film, on which she is still working, is *The Wicked Lady*.

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Back from the Battlefront

IMMEDIATELY on his return to this country, Mr. Churchill went to the Palace to report to the King the impressions and adventures of his historic visit to Field-Marshal Montgomery and the men of 21st Army Group, and his superbly-timed gesture of crossing the Rhine in the immediate wake of the victorious Allied armies. Most of us would have dearly liked to do what the Premier did, and His Majesty is almost certainly to be counted among that number, but security considerations, and perhaps the thought of the added responsibility on top of the tremendous burden already placed on the shoulders of the Field-Marshal, made any such idea impossible of fulfilment—at any rate, while the main battle still raged.

Those who accompanied the Prime Minister and Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, tell how Mr. Churchill enjoyed every minute of his time at "Monty's" advanced Tactical H.Q., and speak of the zestful gleam in his eyes as he looked about him during the Rhine crossing and his short trip down the German river of history.

Women in the War

NOT long after she had welcomed her husband back from the front line, Mrs. Churchill left London herself, to make her eagerly-anticipated visit to Russia. Before she left, Mrs. Churchill had tea with the Queen at Buckingham Palace and a long talk with Her Majesty about her journey.

On another occasion the Queen talked for nearly an hour on women's work and working conditions with the four representatives of the working women of America—Mrs. Julia O'Connor Parker, Miss Anna Markovich, Mrs. Grace Blackett and Mrs. Maida Springer—whom she invited to the Palace, greatly to their delight, at the end of their tour of England at war; and the American women, each of whom is recognised as an expert on labour conditions and women's welfare, confessed themselves afterwards as astonished at the depth and range of Her Majesty's knowledge of their subjects, and at her very considerable store of information about existing conditions, and future plans, in their own country.

Marquess's Wedding

THERE was a really happy family gathering at the wedding of the Marquess of Tweeddale to Mrs. Marjorie Nettlefold. Both the bride and bridegroom have grown-up children, who were all present in the little Church House Chapel of St. Columba's, which is really only the first floor of the Church House in Lennox Gardens and has been converted into a chapel as a temporary measure since the bombing of St. Columba's in 1941. The Chapel was a mass of mixed spring flowers, which looked really beautiful with the sun streaming through the windows on them. The Rev. Robert Dollar, of Dunfermline Abbey, came down from Scotland to help the vicar of St. Columba's with the service.

The bride, looking charming, wore a long navy-blue coat over a blue-and-white dress, with a small blue hat, and a spray of stephanotis pinned on her coat. She was given away by her only son, Michael Nettlefold, who was repatriated from Germany over a year ago, having been badly wounded and taken prisoner in 1940. Her eldest daughter, Ann, who works for the American S.G.A., was there with her two younger sisters, Penelope and Rosemary, both in W.R.N.S. uniform and looking very smart. Lady Hélène Berry, Lord Tweeddale's eldest girl, was there with her husband, Capt. the Hon. Lionel Berry, who was one of the ushers, and another son-in-law, Capt. Arthur Coleridge; and three younger daughters, Lady Marguerite Coleridge, Lady Daphne Morley-Fletcher and Lady Frances Hay, were together. Other members of the family were the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wagg, the latter wearing the gayest little hat made of pale mauve ostrich feathers; Lady Clémentine Waring, the bridegroom's only sister, who brought her daughter, Cecilia, and Miss Sarah Birkin. Mrs. Starling, the bride's sister, was with her two brothers, Major Teddy Wagg and Lt.-Col. Kenneth Wagg, both of whom were accompanied by their wives.

Reception

AFTER the service, the bride's parents held a reception—or, rather, a very excellent "fork luncheon"—where among others I saw Lt.-Col. Horlick, the best man, Sir George Clerk, our

Officer's Family

Mrs. Jolly read to her children, Michael and Sara, news of their father's exploits. Lt.-Col. Alan Jolly, D.S.O., was the first man to arrive in his amphibious tank on the east side of the Rhine

Dining Out

Swabe

Lt.-Col. Sir Piers Legh took his only daughter to dine at the Bagatelle one night. He has been Equerry to the King for nine years, and Master of His Majesty's Household since 1941

Film Committee Meeting

At the first committee meeting in connection with the premiere of the film "Czarina," to be given at the Odeon on May 10th, were Lady Wakefield, Mrs. Ralph Gore and Mrs. Berkenmeyer. The performance will be in aid of British United Aid to China

Gala Premiere of "Here Come the Waves" at the Carlton Cinema

Swabe

Lady Margaret Alexander and Mrs. Warren Pearl, chairman and vice-chairman of the film premiere, received large bouquets on their arrival at the gala premiere, proceeds of which were for Queen Elizabeth's Training College for the Disabled, Leatherhead

Mrs. Littlejohn Cook entertained twenty wounded men at the All Services Club (of which she is founder and chairman) before bringing them to the film premiere of "Here Come the Waves" at the Carlton. With her above is Lord Fermoy



A Lunch at Simpson Services Club in Honour of the U.S.S.R. and Their Armed Forces

Hollander

At the luncheon were Dame Anne Loughlin, Mrs. A. V. Alexander, M. F. T. Gusev, the Soviet Ambassador; Mrs. S. L. Simpson, Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, who proposed the toast to Russia, and Major A. Huskisson, M.C.

In the centre of the group of officers of the U.S.S.R. Armed Forces is Dr. S. L. Simpson, president of Simpson Services Club, with Lt.-Gen. A. Vasiliev, head of the Russian Military Mission to Britain, photographed at the luncheon



Ambassador in Paris from 1934 to 1937, Sir Philip and Lady Antrobus, the Hon. Lady Stanley and her younger daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Tharp, who owns lovely Chippenham Park, near Newmarket, the Netherlands Ambassador and his charming wife, Mme. Michiels van Verduynen, Lady Prescott, Col. O'Callaghan, Mrs. George Philipson, Mrs. Arthur Gore, Mrs. Warde, Col. and Mrs. Bridges, Baron and Baroness Cederstrom and their daughter, Britta; Mrs. Maurice Clarke, Mrs. Nicholson, and the Earl of Morton, who was with his uncle, Col. Hay. The bride and bridegroom are spending their honeymoon at Waterhall, Chippenham. Later they will be going to live at Lord Tweeddale's Scottish home, Yester, in East Lothian.

Premiere

THE premiere of Bing Crosby's new film *Here Come the Waves*, at the Carlton Theatre, was given in aid of the Queen Elizabeth Training College for the Disabled at Leatherhead. "The Disabled Made Able" is the slogan of this College, which is doing much to help both men and women who suffer from physical disabilities to enter industrial life on equal terms with the able-bodied. They are taught such varied things as welding, weaving,

store-keeping, spray painting, milling, clock repairing, typing and gardening.

Lady Margaret Alexander, wife of Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander, was chairman of the Premiere Committee, with the very able help of Mrs. Warren Pearl as vice-chairman, and the College must have benefited considerably by the efforts of these ladies and their committee. Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, one of the vice-chairmen, was hostess to a party of twenty wounded soldiers who had been entertained to an early dinner at her All Services Club and then brought on to enjoy the film. Amongst others who came to support this good cause were Mme. Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador, the Nepalese Minister, Lord Fermoy, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Lyell, mother of the late Lord Lyell, V.C., Lady Jean Rankin, who came with a party of four, and Catherine Lady Headly, who had bought a number of tickets and given them away to be distributed to Service men.

Queen Charlotte's

THE last batch of debutantes—from L to Z—made their appearance at the second Queen Charlotte Hospital Ball, and the Grosvenor House ball-room was crowded. Most of the girls were in white, but blue appeared here and

(Concluded on page 56)



Married in March

Major John Wathen Gwyn, M.C., 8th Hussars, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Gwyn, of Bristol, married Miss Joan Lister, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Lister, at All Saints' City, Bristol



The Viceroy Arrives in London

Field-Marshal Lord Wavell, Viceroy of India, arrived in England a short time ago for personal consultations in London. He was accompanied by Lady Wavell and their daughter, Mrs. Francis Humphreys, with her five-months-old son. The party made the journey by B.O.A.C. plane



Lord and Lady Tweeddale

The marriage of the Marquess of Tweeddale and Mrs. Marjorie Helen Nettlefold, of Waterhall Farm, Chippenham, Cambridgeshire, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Wagg, took place at St. Columba's Church House Chapel, Lennox Gardens



Mrs. Pollok McCall was chatting to Sir Kenneth Gibson, the Jockey Club judge, between races



The runners leave the paddock for the big race of the day, the Champion Hurdle



Lord and Lady Ashton of Hyde were watching the numbers go up



Lady Sybil Rowley had Colonel Dunn as her escort at Cheltenham

The Last National Hunt Meeting of the Season Held at Cheltenham



Major and Mrs. Fielding were there, wondering what to back



Miss Strickland, Major Lyons and Mrs. Longueville



Mrs. Bryant with Miss E. Bryant



*The last jump in the Champion Hurdle:
Brains Trust leads from Red April and Vidi*

● The chief event of the day's racing at Cheltenham on Easter Saturday was the Champion Hurdle, won by Mr. F. Blakeway's Brains Trust, with Vidi second and Red April third. Though the race was run at a very slow pace, there was no lack of excitement at the finish. This year's short National Hunt season has been a great success, in spite of difficulties caused at the start by very bad weather



Trainer of Brains Trust was Gerry Wilson, a newcomer to training this season, and F. Rimell rode the horse to victory



A couple in uniform were Brig. G. S. Thompson and G/Off. Thompson, W.A.A.F.



Capt. Calvert was photographed with Miss Kettle and Lt.-Col. Kettle



The Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings was talking to Capt. S. D. Player



Mrs. Loder and Miss Loder



Lt. and Mrs. Brudenal-Bruce, Miss White and Miss Herbert

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A BITTER American citizen who cried recently that between the American and the British bureaucrat there is not a pin to choose, erred damnably. Both types admittedly have horrible cold dead eyes, like oysters, sober but natty suitings, and a soul like a withered peanut; but the American bureaucrat, like the French *rond-de-cuir*, does not flaunt the Sacred Exquisitely-Rolled Umbrella, the mark and symbol of power.

This relieves the Washington boys from the recurring agony of finding that some evil practical joker has shifted the rubber ring round the top of the ribs some half-inch up (or down) from its regulation or departmental position. This is often done in London with intent to ruin the bureaucrat concerned.

"Your umbrella, Faughaughton."

"Yes, Sir."

"Anything to say?"

"No, Sir."

"Any vital documents stolen from your car lately?"

"Not many, Sir."

(Here Number One rings a bell and says to a clerk: "File M/T/F/1789/G/7." He studies this for a time in silence.)

"I see the same thing happened to your umbrella in May 1926, Faughaughton."

"Yes, Sir."

"Your explanation then was that the Countess von F—, an adventuress in the

pay of the German Government, was black-mailing you."

"Yes, Sir."

"A weak excuse, Faughaughton. A good Civil Servant defends the integrity of his umbrella with his life."

This is actually true, a chap once told us who ripped up a Class I Whitehall boy for fun one evening. They bleed a kind of grey sawdust, highly unpleasing.

Wiggery

LAWYERS are such fascinating devils (see Hogarth, *The Rake's Progress*, Plates IV, V) that when challenged the other day we were able to give a pretty shrewd guess at the reason that a 754-volume set of the Law Reports changed hands anonymously at a recent sale for £280. It is doubtless a gift for some girl.

A quiet, shy girl, we guessed, a true English Rose; not a forward mopsy like the Countess who is being lured by Mr. Silvertongue the barrister in *The Rake's Progress*. In fact, the kind of girl who would colour quickly with sincere pleasure, but also with alarmed modesty, when the parlourmaid said a van had called with 754 volumes of the Law Reports and presented a note saying "A poor trifle, nay, a bagatelle—but my heart goes with it." *Mumsie!* What a lovely present! But can I accept. Oh, please! But stay!



"Yes, it's a good impersonation, but, frankly, there's no future in it"

Would that be maidenly? Oh, hark! A ring! Oh, let me hide!

It's the old Inner Temple (or Hogarthian) technique, according to our information. First rush 'em with some princely gift, then call and give 'em the Eye-and-Larynx number; the rolling masterful legal eye, the rolling golden forensic voice. Er—CHRM. Begyludshps pardon—I mean, Miss Euphemia! What—you shrink? Pray, be not startled! One does but crave a glance! Nay, fly me not!

Knowing more law, the legal boy naturally knows how, when, where, and why. Even then we'd rather be a dustman.

Contretemps

MENTIONING the island of Walcheren recently, a military correspondent naturally mentioned that notable mess-up, the expedition of 1809, of which the rhyme was made:

The Earl of Chatham, all forlorn,
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strahan;

Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

But although the boy was sorry for Admiral Strahan, he seemed to assume that Walcheren was the only setback in that gallant sailor's life. Tender hearts deplore a far worse one. Sailors have their troubles like the rest of us.

In his grizzled sixties this tough and notable seadog fell base-over-apex for a pretty wench in a South Audley Street china-shop, bombarded her daily with enormous bouquets and other presents, haunted the street on his prancing grey, finally bullied her to elope, fixed time and place, ordered a chaise-and-four, and turned up at the rendezvous to be welcomed by the fair one's father and brother, who laid

(Concluded on page 46)



... and supposing you were to shout out in Piccadilly Circus—'It's a braw bricht moonlicht nicht the nicht'—passers-by would immediately think you had some Scotch in you" . . .

Opening of the Flat-Racing Season at Ascot on Easter Monday



Here is a view of the crowded paddock at Ascot



In the paddock: the Earl of Rosebery with the Duchess of Norfolk, whose *Cosy Corner* ran third in the Berkshire Stakes



Lt.-Cdr. Bisgood, R.N., had a day off from his duties, and spent it at Ascot with his wife



The Duchess of Kent was one of those who enjoyed the opening of the Flat-Racing season



Two more racing enthusiasts at Ascot were Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, walking in the paddock



G/Capt. and Mrs. Munro-Kerr were taking the racing seriously and consulted their race-cards



Mrs. Atkinson asked Capt. Frank Williams for a winner, and he gave the matter some thought

Standing By ...

(Continued)

into the Admiral like billy-ho with a pair of thick cudgels till the watch came up and carried them all three to Marlborough Street. Here the Admiral refused to identify or charge his assailants and they were discharged; but Sir Richard nevermore rode up and down South Audley Street on his prancing grey.

Yet one more trouble of this jolly but unfortunate sailor, we may add, was that he felt his elopement would seriously annoy his wife and large family. Or so, we gather, is the opinion of Captain Gronow of the Guards; the gallant Regency buck who tells the story in his memoirs.

Flop

ALL EGGING last week that Shakespeare was a pretty good poet but a pretty dumb playwright, a chap seemed to us to ring the bell. No modern producer would look at a play which carried on like this:

Sc. XV. *Another part of the Cisalpine Plain.*
Enter BOLONIUS and POMPONIUS,
with an Army, marching.

BOL: Is this the way to Libya, Pomponius?
POM: On, on!

(*Exeunt*).

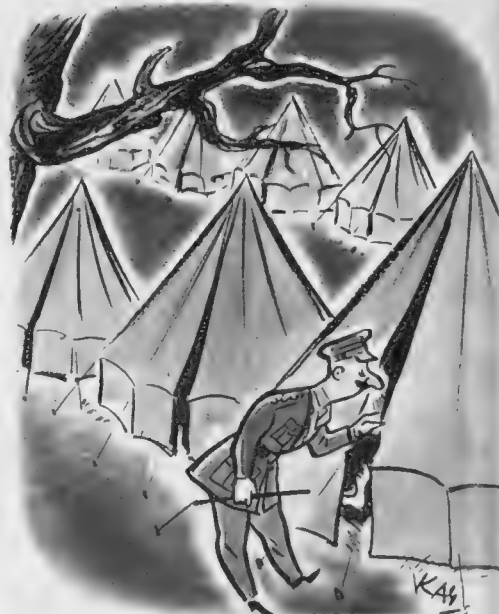
Sc. XVI. *Another part of the Plain.*
Enter TROMBONIUS and CASCARA,
with an Army, marching.

TROM: The dawn is at day's gizzard. Where is this?

CASC: On, on!

(*Exeunt*).

Sc. XVII. *Another part of the Plain.*
Enter BOLONIUS and POMPONIUS,
with their Army, passing TROMBONIUS and CASCARA,
with their Army.



"Comfy?"

BOL: A few more leagues to Thessaly, my friends,

And we shall strike the false Trombonius down!

TROM: Comrades, if this is Sicily, we shall keep
A bloody tryst with the perjurd Bolonius!

POM: On, on! On, on!

CASC: On, on! On, on! On, on!
(*Exeunt*).

You can hear the modern producer's tired whine from here. "No, no, old boy, it simply won't do, simply lousy construction, old boy", etc., etc., etc. You might pass it off as a realist study of a Roman Home Guard field-day, maybe. In that case, where are the pubs?

Gag

A TEMPERAMENTAL citizen fined recently for slacking at the lathe trotted out every excuse but the old "inspiration" gag, we observed. Maybe decency alone forbade that final shame.

Although Victor Hugo and Trollope between them have blown the gaff about "inspiration" once and for all, you still find children of the Muses lying about on their backs, asleep, doped, or drunk, claiming total inability to work till visited by the Sacred Flame. No such nonsense about Slogger Trollope, who polished off his regular daily whack of fiction from ten to four like a Civil Servant. As for Slogger Hugo, he rose every morning at 5.30, put on a dressing-gown, and wrote till midday without a pause. He then went upstairs, dressed, came down, lunched, and was ready for play. Totally unable to read a page of either of these immortals—barring one single poem of Hugo's called *Booz Endormi*—we still admire the way they show the booksy racket up.

Footnote

LAZINESS even more than lechery is the booksy boys' worst failing, in our estimation. Half the fury over the critics is their own fault. If we ever wrote a book we'd take the trouble to square the critics properly in advance. One cheap and easy way of doing this is to find out what drove them to become critics. There is generally some peculiar reason. Uh, huh.

Next week, children, we will discuss the double-crossing habits of the Yard boys in this connection.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Maybe it was the policy with vacuum cleaners, but in this department, it isn't customary to demonstrate the merchandise"

Alexander
Bender

Playwright, Producer and Actor

Emlyn Williams: Author and Star
of "The Wind of Heaven"

To-morrow night at the St. James's Theatre Emlyn Williams will be appearing in his latest and most serious play to date, *The Wind of Heaven*. The play took him twelve months to complete and was written last year in five different countries—Egypt, Italy, France, Belgium and Holland—while the author was touring the Allied Forces with the *Blithe Spirit* company. Playing opposite Emlyn Williams will be lovely Diana Wynyard. These two last acted together twelve years ago in Clemence Dane's *Wild Decembers*. *The Wind of Heaven* is set in a Welsh village in the year following the Crimean War, and centres around a successful but disenchanted business man who rediscovers a purpose in life when he returns to his native hills. Diana Wynyard is a young war widow (with Welsh blood, but no Welsh accent!)



Just nineteen, fair and Scottish, Lady Mary Anne Stuart was entertained by Capt. David Butler, Scots Guards



Pretty wit shown by Mr. Michael Redway amused Miss Rosemary Williams, Mr. Jerome Sturridge, and his sister, Miss Gillman Redway

Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball

The Second Edition, 1945, Held
at Grosvenor House, London



Black cigarettes? Odd—but smoked by Lt. Timothy Jones and Miss Christine Asquith, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Asquith



Large and white was the one favoured by Lt. Jack Wendell, whose companion at table was Miss Sarah Dashwood



"It's written here," said to interest Miss Nancy



All smiles, Miss Mollie Abraham and Lt. Oliver Pratt saw the funny side of something



"What fun," thought Miss Jill Clifford Turner, watching the proceedings with Lt. Scott, R.E.



U.S. guest, Capt. Lloyd L. Duggar, and Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of Col. K. G. Campbell



The birthday cake takes pride of place in this picture of the crowded ballroom at Grosvenor House while a dance is in progress



Colonel's daughter, Miss Iris Medlicott, enjoyed a joke while sitting out a dance with Lt. James Denny



Monk Bretton, trying niece of Lord Gowrie



Serious talk for Lt. John Greenish and Miss Pauline Tennant, daughter of the Hon. David Tennant and Hermione Baddeley



Three for supper: Miss June Wendell, Lt. Roy Rogers and Princess Danush of Albania, who is a niece of King Zog



Two young ladies for one young man. - Lt. Windsor Clive, Miss Joy Bouyer and Miss Veronica Pitts-Tucker



Rather thoughtful people were Lt. Alexander Beattie, Coldstream Guards, and Princess Teri of Albania, another of King Zog's nieces

Air Aces

Portraits by Olive Snell

Right: G/Capt. Menaul, a graduate of the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, has served in Bomber Command continuously since 1936. He now commands a station, has completed fifty operational sorties and been three times mentioned in despatches



G/Capt. S. W. B. Menaul, D.F.C., A.F.C.



W/Cdr. L. M. Whetham, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C.

W/Cdr. L. M. Whetham is in command of his squadron, and has completed more than fifty sorties against the enemy. Thirty-eight years old, he served in Bomber Command before the war, and has also been an instructor



AIR VICE-MARSHAL
D.C.T. BENNETT, C.B.E., D.S.O.

Right: Air Vice-Marshal Bennett has commanded the Pathfinder Force since its formation in 1941. Connected for many years before the war with air transport, he established the existing world's long-distance seaplane record, and also took part in early Atlantic flights in Imperial Airways flying-boats. In 1940 he founded the Atlantic Ferry Service, and in 1941 rejoined the R.A.F. He was shot down over Norway during the attack on the Tirpitz, but escaped, returning to this country via Norway. Air Vice-Marshal Bennett has been adopted as Liberal candidate at the Middlesbrough by-election, and is the highest serving officer to contest an election during the war

Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.



Officers of a Battalion of The Hampshire Regiment

Front row: Capts. S. L. P. Queree, F. K. B. Birch, R. W. H. Raikes, Major G. J. A. Dewar, Major D. B. Rooke, M.C., the Commanding Officer, Capt. E. G. Dunkley, Majors C. G. T. Viner, M.C., L. S. Nayler, C. J. G. Mumford. Middle row: Lts. R. A. Daniels, A. R. Cobden, K. R. Foot, K. T. Finneron, H. A. Taylor, M.C., N. L. Dann, 2nd Lt. F. C. Wilson, Lt. D. E. Woodford, Capt. W. A. L. Davidson, Lt. O. J. T. Rowe, Lt. H. R. Lyon, Capt. T. T. Romans, Lt. H. Shulman. Back row: Lt. S. H. J. Harrison, Capt. F. de R. Morgan, Lts. A. Bevan, A. T. Davis, H. J. C. Rees, Capt. D. M. Elwell, Lt. J. E. Hannam, Lt. A. A. Kemmish, Capt. J. Reid, Lt. J. Moore (R.A.S.C.)



Instructors of a Divisional Training School, C.M.F.

Capt. F. T. Weedon, Lt. J. C. Bayes, Lt. W. J. Richardson, M.M., Capt. G. W. H. Cocksedge, M.C., Lt. V. A. Mavor, Major J. S. Clarke, M.C. (C.O.), Capts. R. Francies, J. V. Baker, A. L. A. Bishop, R. C. Taylor (Adj.), Lt. J. M. Campbell, Lt. P. J. C. Trousdell

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

"Steve"

CIRCUMSTANCES, facetiously called by the Fourth Estate "holidays," completely precluded any notice expressing a genuine sorrow at the quite untimely death of a little man we all liked and admired for some reasons quite apart from his great talent as a jockey. Steve Donoghue was blessed with a possession which is all too rare—a heart of gold. Lead, steel, "duck" and brass ones are quite common; that other is not. I am sure he won so many races just because of this fact. There was the collateral aid of another thing, which is rarely acquired, though a smattering of it may be imbibed by practice—judgment of pace. It has been the sovereign recipe of all great jockeys, great Generals, or any other kind of great person. You have it, or you have it not. It means almost everything: tact, hands, charm, and perhaps a mesmeric power beyond ordinary comprehension. I have always believed that a jockey of the calibre of Sam Chifney, Fred Archer, Arthur Nightingall, George Williamson, Custance or Steve Donoghue would have made a crack General in the field. The two professions are closely akin, for the selfsame qualities are demanded in each. I will go so far as to say that if Alexander the Second, or that popular hero "Monty," could ride 9 st., I would prefer to have either of them on the back of the one I think could win the Derby and I am sure will win the Leger than . . . we will not say who! Judgment of pace on or off the turf; what a tremendous asset!

Rankers

LONG before the present system of making aspirants for commissions go through the mill in the ranks, a similar thought had occurred to one of the most martial races in the world, the French—as well as to some others—though, as is true, a bit later. In our own Army, before the present system was initiated, every Woolwich and Sandhurst cadet was put through it, where drill, musketry, gunnery, map-reading, sketching, equitation, etc., were concerned, upon exactly the same lines as any "half-baked recruit." The only difference now is that he does the same thing in a marching regiment with the same chances of working to pass his examination for commissioned rank. Contrary to popular conception, "The Little Corporal" never was a corporal, or even a poilu. He went from the Military School at Brienne to the

École Militaire, or its equivalent of the period, in Paris. From that he passed out as a second Lieutenant into the artillery regiment of La Fère, supposed to be the crack unit of that arm in the whole French Army. But there were others! The most picturesque amongst the rankers, who later rose to eminence, was our friend "Brigadier Gerard," Conan Doyle's swashbuckling hero. In real life this officer was Lt.-Gen. the Baron Marcellin de Marbot, son of General the Baron de Marbot, who had command of one of Napoleon's divisions in Italy. His father thought young Marcellin such a sissy that he called him "Marcelline," and decided that he should go through the ranks to knock the girlishness out of him. So in he went as a trooper in the 1st Hussars, the old Berchény Regiment of Alsace, which originally consisted entirely of Germans, and which, down

(Concluded on page 52)



Brig. Allen Thorp, O.B.E.

Brig. Allen Thorp, The Life Guards, recently returned from Africa, where he commanded a brigade for the last two years. He has been recommended by the Bervick Conservative Divisional Council as candidate at the next election



University Women's Squash Rackets: Oxford Beats Cambridge D. R. Stuart

Oxford beat Cambridge by 5—0 in their annual match, played at Cambridge. Sitting: Brenda Couderoy (St. Hugh's), Patricia Harvey (captain; Somerville), Anna Griffith (Lady Margaret Hall). Standing: Patricia Boyd (St. Hugh's), Esme Kemp (Somerville)



Cambridge players, beaten by Oxford, were all newcomers to the team. Sitting: Rosemary Lloyd (Newnham), Elizabeth Hunter (captain; Newnham), Patricia Broadhead (Newnham). Standing: Maureen Millar (Newnham), Brenda Marshall

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

to 1793, knew so little French that all the words of command had to be given in German. When Marcellin joined them they were not quite so Hunnish, but a very tough, savage lot none the less, as might possibly be expected.

A Real "Bear" Leader

WHEN old Marbot took his son to hand him over to the 1st Hussars, he asked the C.O. to put him in charge of someone who would knock the corners off him. One Sergeant Pertelay was at once named. There were, however, two N.C.O.s of that name in the regiment, one good, the other bad. Marcellin got the bad one by mistake, and here is his word-picture of this cavalry desperado in his Memoirs, upon which Conan Doyle based his amusing book:

... a hard drinker, a brawler, always ready for a quarrel and a fight; brave, moreover, to the point of rashness. He was absolutely ignorant of everything that did not concern his horse, his accoutrements or his service in the field. ... A jolly ruffian—very well set-up, I must admit—with his shako over his ear, his sabre trailing, his florid countenance divided by an enormous scar (a sword cut) moustaches half a foot long, waxed and turned

up to his ears; on his temples two long locks of hair plaited, which came from under his shako and fell on his breast, and withal such an air!—a regular rowdy air, heightened still further by his words jerked out in the most barbarous French-Alsatian gibberish.

Ney was a ranker in a cavalry regiment, so was Hector Macdonald (infantry), so was Robertson (cavalry), and so were so many more wonderful warriors—and how about all these fine Russian Generals whom this war has thrown up, and who have made their opposite numbers, steeped in Von Clausewitz and Frederick the Great as they are, look like a lot of amateurs? The kindest thing to believe about these German officers is that they have been hypnotised by an Austrian, who was a corporal in a Bavarian foot-regiment and who put in most of his service as a mess waiter or a batman. No men in their senses could have acted as the professional German soldiers have done unless they had been overborne by an ape.

"Hands"

MANY pleasant and interesting letters have come my way as a result of a recent little paragraph in these pages headed "Hands Wanted—Badly." I am delighted to find that so many people have divined that it was not written with the object of just "talking horse"—a rather tiresome pastime quite often, especially with the hyper-horsey, who so often

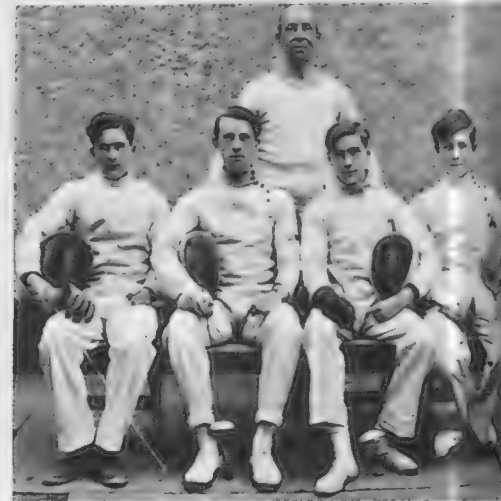
know just nothing. Sometimes, of course, people get let in for it willy-nilly, and something has to be tackled quite seriously. One of my correspondents, for instance, asks whether "hands can be taught." The only way in which I think that question can be answered is by asking another one: "Is there a cure for ham-mindedness?" I am certain that some aid can be given, but tact, which is exactly the same thing as hands, is inborn. For instance, speaking purely of equitation, it is possible to teach someone how to acquire a good "gun emplacement." That is a somewhat desirable foundation. It is also quite possible to instil confidence, provided the patient is in a state of normal health. Whether it is possible to carry things a bit farther, and persuade the aspirant that you can have too much "hands," I dare not predict. The bridle is not the only rudder, and I would even go so far as to suggest that it is only an auxiliary one. A rough suggestion is that the pupil should cultivate elasticity, particularly in the wrists and the waistline, but, generally speaking, all over. It will help, and not only when the student finds himself on the back of a horse. The first idea of which any of us must divest ourselves is that we are dealing with a thing composed of crankshafts, sparking-plugs, brakes and gear-boxes!

PUBLIC SCHOOL



"Off the Card" at Cheltenham: by "The Tout"

Captain Bruce Hobbs, M.C., rode Battleship to victory in the Grand National of 1938. Since the war began he has seen much hard service in the Middle East, where he gained the M.C. Captain Hobbs is the son of the well-known trainer Reggie Hobbs, of Lambourn. Judging from his present figure, it looks doubtful if he will ever be able to take up race riding again, except in the heavy-weight class. Mr. F. Blakeway owns that very smart hurdler Brains Trust, a good winner over the Cheltenham Course, and trained by Gerry Wilson at Andoversford. "Cliff" Beechener is the rider and trainer of Schubert, and the pair have put up several fine performances since the present season began at Cheltenham. Schubert ran a very gallant race against Red Rower for the Gold Cup. Mr. H. A. Clive, M.C., is one of the Cheltenham Stewards. He used to hunt the South Herefords



FENCING: Eton's fencing side won the Sabre by 8 wins to Dulwich's 7, and were second in the Foils. Sitting: C. R. W. Sale, C. V. Booth-Jones (captain), N. Elliot Baxter, T. E. Kirwan-Taylor. Standing: W. G. Honson (coach).



BOXING: Bedford's boxing team were winners of the Tournament, scoring 22 points. Sitting: M. G. Allen, J. M. Meadows (captain), P. D. Gilbert, G. McF. Fleming. Standing: P. B. L. Hoppe, G. McIntosh, A. E. Ripley, H. R. T. Thody.



Mrs. Charles M. Thompson, of Dundrum, Co. Dublin, had a string of winning elk hounds. She is a noted breeder of this species, and last year one of her dogs was judged "Best Dog of the Show"



Lieut.-Colonel Lord Farnham and Lady Farnham were exhibiting for the first time at the famous Irish Kennel Club's show. Their Labrador retrievers were Farnham Peach and Farnham Pete



Mr. Henry B. Fottrell, chairman of the Irish Kennel Club, judged eight different classes, including elk hounds and borzois. He is seen with Mr. Justice Henry Hanna, former chairman of the Club

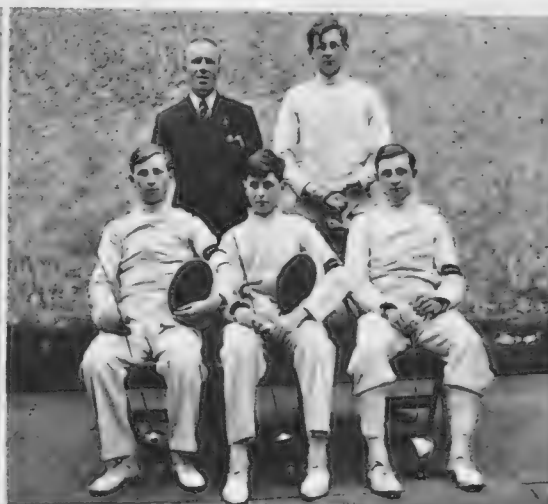
The Irish Kennel Club's Championship Show at Ballsbridge, Dublin

Poole, Dublin

ANNUAL QUADRANGULAR BOXING AND FENCING TOURNAMENT AT ETON



Dulwich, winners of the Foils, were second to Eton in the Sabres. Sitting: K. S. Blackwell, J. J. R. Goldsmith, A. H. B. King (captain), H. A. Butt. Standing: H. I. Alexander (fencing master), M. McClure (coach)



Haileybury and Imperial Service College scored six wins in the Sabres, being placed third, and had five wins in Foils. Sitting: M. J. Thomas, A. O. Robson (captain), P. Otterway. Standing: P. Gerrard (coach), R. C. Hoskyns - Abrahall



D. R. Stuart

Bedford's fencing team was third in the Foils and fourth in the Sabres in the Quadrangular Tournament. Sitting: P. E. Erskine-Murray (captain), G. E. Russell. Standing: R. R. Kellett, J. R. Hildick-Smith



Haileybury and Imperial Service College were second in the Boxing, with 19 points. Sitting: B. L. Hoskyns, R. H. C. Thursby-Pelham, M. D. Billington (captain), J. P. Thorne, A. T. B. Rooke. Standing: Sgt. T. H. Copeland (trainer), M. H. Rubin, P. G. Chearnley, T. M. Hall



Dulwich took third place, scoring 17 points. Sitting: J. B. Evans, D. F. Coutts (secretary), P. A. O. Phillips (captain), B. L. Capon, A. V. Hughes. Standing: D. G. Fountain, R. G. Lacey, G. D. Frith, M. Wells (trainer), R. R. Maddison, M. A. White



D. R. Stuart

Eton's team scored 14 points. Their captain is to be next half's captain of cricket. Sitting: M. F. Fane, P. D. S. Blake (captain), A. C. Martin, D. S. W. Blacker. Standing: D. L. Sullivan (trainer), the Hon. S. W. F. Crossley, M. F. Young, J. G. Lawrence, E. A. Pearce (trainer)

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

From Palm to Palm

L EFT HAND, RIGHT HAND," by Osbert Sitwell (Macmillan; 15s.), will occupy a unique place in the literature of this generation; and, I think, a permanent one in the literature of this country. The book is the first of four which are to comprise Sir Osbert's autobiography, the three others being already projected. It is, palpably, part of a work planned as a whole—by which I mean, not that it lacks in itself sufficiency, but that, like the first constructed portion of a building that the architect has already conceived in whole, in proportion and down to the last detail—it shows anticipatory relation with what is still to appear. Architectural similes always come to my mind in connection with this author's writing, and perhaps I see now for the first time why this has happened: building is in the Sitwell heredity. My own strong, though ignorant, feeling for architecture always directs me to writers in whose work its principles are to be found. I forget who it was who said that all arts aspire to the condition of music. I have sometimes felt I should like to revise this, and say all arts aspire to the condition of architecture.

The title is derived from the palmist's theory that the lines on the left hand are those with which we are born, and the lines on the right hand are those which we make ourselves. In the first half of the book, Sir Osbert traces the different family streams which have joined in his own, and to his brother's and sister's, ancestry. In the second, he describes the early years of his own childhood. The first half suggests how the left-hand lines came to be; the second shows the beginning of the formation of the lines on the right.

People's attitude to heredity varies widely—one could say wildly. Some embrace rigid theory, others entertain superstitious fear. Sir Osbert's attitude to his ancestors is at once temperate and imaginative; his account of them has, among other interests, that of psychological research. "Ancestors," he says, "stretch out behind a man and his nature like a fan, or the spread tail of a peacock. At every turn, in every gesture and look, in every decision he takes, he draws on the reserves or deficits of the past. . . . Whatever position in life by chance we occupy, all these diverse rays of lineage centre in every human being. . . . Thus each of us, when the English freedom in marriage is taken into account . . . is a synthesis of his race." This English marriage-freedom—which was, Sir Osbert points out, even at its most limited, always wider than that allowed on the Continent—is in itself an interesting point: individual urges, temperament and attraction, not only social and family policy, have gone to the making

of generations of English children. Does this perhaps account for the fecundity, diversity, unpredictability and, often, high eccentricity of the English character—product of romantic accident rather than of classic design? It would be interesting, in this temperamental light, to make, for some generations back, a comparative analysis of the English Peerage and of the Almanach de Gotha.

The Tree

T HE tree that has, in this generation, put out the triple flower of the Sitwell genius is a very English tree. The pedigree shows no foreign marriages, but there is a good deal more to it than this: the sap of class and race that flows through the family is pure and forceful. This is Englishness at once at its most deep-rooted and fluorescent; an Englishness which should be ordinary, but of which any manifestation is so rare now as to seem extraordinary. So much of what to-day passes for English character has always seemed to be factitious, an overlay. Too many of this great race walk about in mackintoshes when heredity has given them bright clothes.

Arguably, it may take either the high state of the aristocratic or the simplicity of the peasant existence to keep a race's characteristics pure: Proust has indicated the



Broderick Vernon

Countess Ingegerd Ahlefeldt-Laurvig is painting the bombed church of St. Clement Danes. She is seen sitting outside the Law Courts making one of her preliminary sketches. The Countess, who is a warden in the Chelsea Civil Defence Corps, has held several exhibitions in London. A daughter of the former Danish Ambassador, Count Ahlefeldt-Laurvig, she studied painting at the Slade School and in Rome

similarities between the two apparent extremes. (Myself, I see the levelling down at present advocated in some quarters as most to be dreaded as a watering-down.) Sir Osbert, his

sister Edith and his brother Sacheverell, as artists, come of a stock that has hitherto occupied itself with the art of living—in which art generations showed virtuosity. They come from a class certain of its prerogatives, bold in its concepts and apt for sensuous experience, but in which individual sensibility is not fostered. In such a class, the accident of an artist is surprising—for why, indeed, contemplate life, or represent life, when life itself is so good simply to live?—but, from the point of view of the public, most valuable. For, indeed, too much of our English art—especially literary art, and especially in the last century—has been the product of a sensibility over-cultivated because it had no alternative, of an intellectualism etiolated by being fed on culture rather than on life.

Sir Osbert himself sees this:

Artistic creation, like any other form of creation, is born of energy; is connected with the body and the backbone and the blood, being in no way merely cerebral. Thus it is important for the creator to have sources of energy that have not been tapped, to come of blood, at any rate in part, that has not been obliged to endure too great a strain upon it; an artist—not a cultivated lover of the arts—flowers best when the blood flows most freely in the veins, from stock that has not, intellectually, been over-worked. To generalise, governesses are the friends of culture, but the foes of the artist.

(Concluded on page 56)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

"O OK, Mummy, 'ook!" shouted the five-year-old,

with intervals of less than half a minute, from Hereford to Bristol. Mummy 'ooked at baa-baas and gee-gees and moo-cows and occasionally cried, "Oh, do be quiet, Alfie!" With not the least result. ("Wot I sez to 'er all along, yer shouldn't 'ave bought that red 'at. But yer can't save people from themselves, can yer?" she remarked to her companion; another young woman with two children desperately in need of a bath.)

Alfie got down from the window seat on which he had been standing and pawed his way along the knees of the ten travellers wedged breathlessly in the railway compartment. "Naow, Alfie," said Mummy, "yer mustn't go out!" But Alfie went out just the same. "Naow, Alfie, come away from that door or I'll spank the life out o' yer!" But Alfie didn't budge. ("Mind yer, I don't mind a bit o' fun meself," Mummy went on, talking to her friend, "an' them there Yanks aren't mean; I'll say that for 'em.")

"Mummy, gee: us a bit o' cake," demanded Alfie. "Wait till we get ter Bristol," Mummy replied. "Then we'll all get some!" "Gee us a bit o' cake!" "I tell yer, yer can't have a bit o' cake now; yer 'ad some a while ago!" said Mummy. ("A proper booze-up it was, I can tell yer! Here, Dolly, 'ave a fag.") "Gee us a bit o' cake," now yelled Alfie, and continued yelling. He got his bit o' cake and after yelling again got a drink of something, too.

Now, am I getting crotchety, or is it a fact that the public manners of the average modern town child are going from bad to worse? Is it liver when it seems to me that any shop, any restaurant, any home is merely regarded by "it" as

By Richard King

a variety of playground in which nothing and nobody is respected or even considered? That when thwarted, "it" will immediately scream "its" head off, while Mummy, when at last shaken out of her imperviousness to outward events, miserably wonders why bringing-up children is such a whole-time job?

Is it quite in the order of things that babies in prams should be discovered outside public houses at ten o'clock at night, and nobody even suggests they should have been in bed hours ago? Better clothed the children undoubtedly are, and stronger and healthier all round. But if their public manners as children are indicative of their public manners later on, the best things in life will likely come to those who, metaphorically, scream the loudest—the Government promising them a "bit o' cake" just to stop them screaming, as Party Governments always do. Or is it that the average young mother becomes herself undisciplined when left "on her own," and that only the return of Father from the War will bring a little order into her life and the lives of their children? For, to be quite truthful, it is remarkable how much better the behaviour of both are when Daddy is one of the party.

This will, I know, annoy a lot of women; but the fact remains—very few young mothers realise that happiness is best enjoyed within limits, never in complete licence. That without a small but strict amount of self-discipline, applied from without, most of us degenerate into a state of mental slatternliness. Which, perhaps, is why, when I hear that mothers and children are among the least popular of evacuees, I am not in the least surprised, and suspect that mothers of the future, who have been in the Services, will make the best mothers of all.

Mothers and Children



Mrs. FitzGerald, seen with her only child, Brian, is the wife of Major Desmond FitzGerald, Irish Guards, and daughter of Lt.-Col. St. A. Nevinson and the late Mrs. Nevinson, of Valescure, France. Her husband is the son of Capt. and Mrs. Derek FitzGerald, of Branches Park, Newmarket.



Mrs. A. H. S. Northcote is the widow of Major A. H. S. Northcote, who was killed in Burma. Her daughter is called Sylvia Rosalind. Major Northcote, who won the M.C. at Madagascar, was a son of Sir Geoffrey and Lady Northcote, of Nairobi.



Mrs. John Hopwood is the elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. G. Graham Hutchison, of Balmaghie, Castle Douglas, and a granddaughter of the late Sir John Wood, Bt., of Hengrave Hall, Bury St. Edmunds. She married Mr. John Hopwood in 1938, and their daughter, Philippa, is two years old.

Photographs by
Marcus Adams,
Lenore and Robinson,
Camberley



Mrs. H. W. S. Hickie was Miss Pauline Phillips before her marriage in 1938. She is the wife of Brig. H. W. S. Hickie, O.B.E., Airborne Corps, and has two children, Christopher, born in 1941, and Jane, who is two years younger. Her husband was gazetted in 1928 in the K.O.Y.L.I., and previous to his present appointment was with the 6th Airborne Division, with which he took part in the D-Day airborne landing.



Mrs. John Samuelson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Winter, of Surrenden Dering, Pluckley, Kent, married in 1943 Major John P. W. Samuelson, M.C., The Buffs, grandson of Mr. Alfred C. Leney, J.P., a former High Sheriff of Kent and President of Kent County Cricket Club. Their son, Nigel, seen above with his mother, is six months old.

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 41)

there. Lady Suenson-Taylor's only daughter, charming, svelte and tall Monica, was in blue satin, and had her fellow-student from Newnham with her, Miss Betty Travers Clarke, in blurred rose-red taffeta. Another pretty young blonde of just seventeen years was Sir Herbert and Lady Williams's daughter, Rosemary, in a fluffy frock of cream lace. Miss Sarah Dashwood had chosen black velvet: she was at Lady Hamond-Graeme's table, and so was Lady Margaret Fortescue, in black lace. Lady Ovey was at this long table, too, with her attractive, dark-eyed daughter, Miss Mary De Barrios, in white studded with gold.

Other attractive Southern types were two of King Zog's sisters, Princess Teri, in aluminium-grey satin, and Princess Danush, in flesh-pink, sparkling with coloured stones. Lady (John) Kennedy's grand-niece, Miss Anne Pawson, was another of the débutantes at this same table, and so was Miss Sonia Gunston, in dark blue with ruby clips, where among the men I saw Lord Buckhurst and Lord Cross, as well as that popular man, Capt. Jack Mitford.

Out and About

LONDON certainly was as full as ever just before the holiday, and, perhaps because of the happy combination of really spring-like weather with the magnificent and stirring war news, lunch-time strollers down Bond Street and in St. James's all seemed smiling and in gay spirits.

Among those I noticed taking the air were the Duke of Marlborough, his tall figure set off admirably in khaki; monocled, bowler-hatted Sir John Monck, friend and guide of all Ambassadors and Ministers to the Court of St. James's, in his capacity as Vice-Marshal of the Diplomatic



Epstein Immortalises Vecchi

Swaabe

For the past quarter of a century Joe Vecchi has been one of London's leading and most popular restaurateurs, and his friends have shown their appreciation by presenting to him a bust of himself modelled by Epstein. The bust was presented to Vecchi recently by Mrs. A. V. Alexander, wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty. The £1,300 subscribed for the presentation to Vecchi was handed by him to Mrs. Alexander for King George V's Fund for Sailors and will go towards the proceeds of her flag-day, held in London yesterday

Corps; Lord Brabazon of Tara, holder of the first air pilot's licence ever issued in this country; silver-haired, immaculate Lord Lytton and alert, slim Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Charles Portal, hurrying up the steps of the Travellers' Club as though his cares as Chief of the Air Staff sit lightly on his capable shoulders.

Recital and Party

MISS MARJORIE FEW, the pianist, followed her last recital at the Wigmore Hall with a party in the flat she shares with Miss Thelma Hulbert, who both paints herself and is extremely "paintable."

The distinguished audience at the recital were enthusiastic about this talented young pianist's playing of Beethoven, Chopin, Elgar's Eroica Variations, and a new composition by Shostakovich. People there included Professor C. E. M. Joad, Edward le Bas, the painter, Miss Leah Seidl, looking very well, several more painters, among them Enslin du Plessis and Charles Ginner.

Most of these, and many more besides, were at the party afterwards; also Marjorie Few's sister, Elsie Few, with her husband, Claude Rogers. Both are painters; among their recently exhibited work have been Elsie Few's portrait of Mrs. David Garnett and a portrait of Sonia Dresdel by Claude Rogers. An atmosphere of music, painting and books mingled with the gaiety of the party, plus a practical basis of delicious, home-cooked food.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 54)

People

SIR OSBERT, then, as the child of his forefathers, brings to art gusto, stylishness and the expectation of what in these monosyllabic days is called a good time. That he brings to it vastly more we already know, but at present, in *Left Hand, Right Hand*, it is still at the left-hand rather than at the right that we look. Who are those forefathers? In the Sitwell line, we are shown Sir Sitwell, Sir George, Sir Reresby and the Sir George who was the author's father. Sir Reresby's marriage to Louisa Hely-Hutchinson introduces that fascinating family, with the Heber connection. Sir Osbert's mother, formerly Lady Ida Denison, was the daughter of the first Earl of Londesborough, and the great-granddaughter of the spirited, censured Lady Conyngham: from her mother's, the Somerset, side, Lady Ida brought in the Wellesley and Leveson-Gower strains. These families and their houses, rather than the abstract subject dictated by its day, might suitably have figured in the tapestry that Sir George proscribed as a background for the eventual "Sargent Group."

In the account of the families that have gone to make him, factual knowledge gives place to personal recollection as Sir Osbert comes to his grandparents. The contrast between what one might call the respective climates of the Londesboroughs and of Louisa Lady Sitwell, is the subject of the beautiful chapter "Sacred and Profane Love." Tapestry, by the way, is a misleading image to introduce, in anything but the literal sense, into an attempted evaluation of a book whose essence is in mobility, fluidity, vital interplay. Under this author's pen, faces change and speak, voices have intonation, seasons, with their following of sensation, are recaptured in their acuteness, and places, one might say, breathe. The crowning passages, throughout *Left Hand, Right Hand*, are (for me at least) those about Renishaw: deep feeling informs them. Comedy is not lacking. It is affectionately present in the rendering of almost all the portraits—most notable, that of the author's father, Sir George Sitwell.

Terrible Truth

TO say that the Anna Kavan stories in the collection entitled *I Am Lazarus* (Cape; 7s. 6d.) were, for me, almost unbearable reading, is to pay them tribute, if of a dire kind. The beauty and authority of Miss Kavan's writing compels one to make a journey from which one would gladly turn back—a journey through the country of insanity. The ranges of such a country are very wide; and, still more, the boundaries are uncertain—I did not know, in reading some of these stories, at what point a boundary had been crossed: I simply became aware that I was in another land.

The collection *I Am Lazarus*, though not nominally divided, divides itself: the first four stories are clinical pieces; mental suffering seen from the outside. There is a heart-breaking implication of helplessness, bewilderment and inner stress—and worse, one feels that by experimental treatment the patient is only driven farther into his own dark fastness. Three minds here show the damage of war: in the title-story a young man, Mr. Bow, has been recalled by expensive treatment in a Continental clinic to a sort of imitation of normalness. From this first group, I am most haunted by "Palace of Sleep."

In the second, and larger, group we are inside of, or identified with, the sufferers; looking out of his or her eyes on a world that has the shape of the world we know, but in which everything is intensified by hallucination. Between what has happened and what has appeared to happen there is no line drawn. (The exception to this, the nearest convergence upon the "ordinary" short story, is "Glorious Boys"—a study of an airman on the ground, in London, during an air raid.) "All Kinds of Grief shall Arise," "The Picture" and "Benjo" communicate the horrifying uncertainties of "persecution" feeling. "Our City" contains a passage—which I find the finest in the whole book—about the sensation of being alone in a room, one's own room, during an air raid.

This is not a collection of stories to read frivolously: the experience of reading them is an ordeal. Those who are, by circumstance or affection, bound to anyone who is a mental sufferer may, I think, find that Miss Kavan has helped to break down, or at least to thin, a barrier. One cannot doubt that what is here is the truth.

Goings On

I HAD been feeling that it was high time we had another Christianna Brand book—and here one comes: *Green for Danger* (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.). Strenuous experiences as a V.A.D. account, evidently, for a too long silence on the part of the author of *Heads You Lose* and *Death in High Heels*. She has, however, lost nothing of her skill. *Green for Danger* is the best she has done so far, and that is saying a good deal. In a military hospital in Kent, to the accompaniment of an almost non-stop heavy blitz, a mysterious death on the operating-table occurs. Rumours of murder prove to be not unfounded. Three enchanting V.A.D.s, one goosey sister, two surgeons and an anaesthetist find that the ring of suspects has been narrowed down to them. The situation is considerably complicated by what one of the patients (subsequently the victim) darkly refers to as "goings on." Passion, in fact, had been spinning a pretty plot long before crime raised its ugly head. Miss Brand has a way of giving a twist to one's feelings by making her suspects so completely engaging, so sympathetic, that one jibs at the fact—which she makes clear in advance—that one of them must be the murderer. A nicer set of characters—in or out of a crime story—I have seldom met. Her description of an operating-theatre is brilliant.

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Dorothy Wordsworth

March 8th, Thursday. A sweet morning. Baked bread and pies. No letters but a parcel of books and stationery from W. H. Smith & Son. Wm. kindled at sight of them. Sate in the orchard—catkins beautiful in the hedges—the little birds singing. I ironed till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3. Coleridge brought some volumes to be sent to Smith's for rebinding. After tea we sat round the fire, Wm. with his new books. I wrote to renew my subscription to the W. H. Smith Library and order our papers and magazines for another twelvemonth. My Beloved is delighted by the service we receive from W.H.S. although we cannot conveniently visit any of their numerous bookshops and bookstalls. The evening very cold, the horned moon.

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Stories from Everywhere

THE parson had been preaching for an hour or more on the immortality of the soul.

"I looked at the mountains," he said, "and I thought, 'Mighty as you are, you will be destroyed, but my soul will not.' I gazed at the ocean and cried, 'Vast as you are, you will eventually dry up, but not I.'" And then he wondered why a titter ran through the congregation.

THE governess of the household of a peer famous for his piety found on arrival at the ancestral mansion the following text over her bed: "Watch ye! For ye know not when the master cometh."

The next day she gave notice.

"MUMMY," said little Jimmy, "Tommy doesn't know how to swim, 'cos his mother doesn't want him to go near the water."

"Well, Tommy is a good little boy," replied his mother.

"Yes," went on Jimmy, "he'll go to Heaven the first time he falls in."

THE distinguished dramatist, imported expensively from Britain, felt that he was doing little to justify his existence at Hollywood. The three scenarios he had written had been rejected.

"What do you want?" he inquired peevishly.

"Well," said his employer, "I guess the public is tired of war films. Can't you turn out something on the good old lines, embodying a certain amount of religious feeling, high social atmosphere, the element of dramatic surprise, sex appeal and brevity?"

The author promised to do what he could and went home. Early next day he returned and handed over his script. It read:

"My lord bishop," exclaimed the duchess at the dinner party, "please stop pinching my leg!"

TWO American soldiers, wandering about the outer suburbs of London, found themselves in Golders Green. They came across a noble building that seemed rather impressive for a residential district, and one of them went inside to discover what it was. A minute later he flew out of the door and hit the roadway.

"What happened, bud?" asked his friend.

"I was bounced out."

"What for?"

"Darned if I know. There was a crowd of people inside, standing with their heads bowed, like they was in church. I only said, 'What's cookin'?' and ... out I came."

"Do you know where Andrew MacTavish lives," a visitor asked.

"Na, I havna heard tell o' him," the native replied, "but if ye ask at the village somebody'll tell ye."

One hour passed. Then the visitor met the native again.

"I can't find him," the visitor explained.

"H'm, that's queer," the Scotsman mused. "Hasna he a nickname o' any sort?"

"Well, I believe he's called Cocky Mac."

"Well, why did ye no say so," the Scot replied.

"That's me!"



Vivienne

Harriette Johns is playing her first big part in the West End in "Madame Louise" at the Garrick Theatre. In private life, the wife of Lt.-Col. P. N. Walker Taylor, R.A.M.C., Harriette trained at the R.A.D.A. She worked in repertory at Brighton for a year and has latterly been a member of a C.E.M.A. company touring the West Country. Miss Johns met her husband when coming home from America in the Queen Mary. At that time Colonel Taylor was ship's surgeon; he has been in West Africa for the past year and eight months but is expected home on leave shortly.

THIS story is adapted from "There's Fun in Fleet Street," by Cecil Hunt:

Hearing nothing concerning a story she had sent to a magazine, a woman wrote an indignant letter asking the editor kindly to read and publish the story immediately, or return it, as she had other irons in the fire. The script came back at once with a note: "I have read your story and advise you to put it with the other irons."

A MAN saw a coat outside a pawnbroker's priced at two pounds, and thought he might buy it. He took it inside and said to the pawnbroker: "How much is this worth?"

"Not more than ten shillings," the pawnbroker replied.

"I'll take it," said the man.

"Take it," gasped "Uncle." "I thought you'd come here to sell it."

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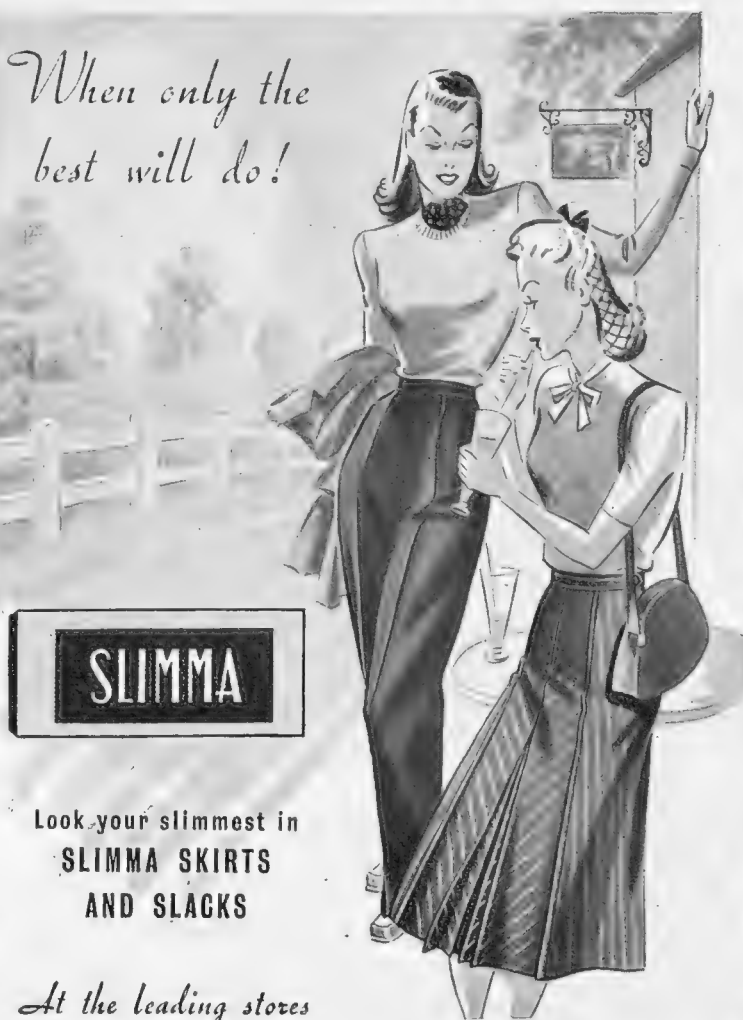
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Using the Air

LEICESTER SQUARE, London, holds today a lesson for all who are concerned in planning the future of aviation. There used to be a patch of grass there, which was a pleasure to the eyes of city dwellers; a "sight for sore eyes," as the common phrase so admirably puts it. When the railings of this and other squares were removed there was rejoicing on the grounds that the public at large, instead of only the privileged few, would henceforward be able to enjoy these delightful patches of greenery. Alas! the result is that not a blade of grass remains in Leicester Square today. "O'er-run and trampled on" the square is now pavement for the abject milling of the millions.

Throwing it open for the enjoyment of all, has obliterated it as an enjoyment for any. We face an almost exactly parallel problem in the post-war use of air power. If the air forces of the future are to be protectors of the peace, they must be limited in number and scope. Some nations—and not only enemy ones—may have to be asked to keep off the grass. It is generally urged—and the point has lately been emphasized by Lord Swinton—that after the war Germany and Japan must be prevented from possessing air power. But how is air power to be distributed elsewhere so that there may be no congestion and no risk of the air being outraged again?

Economic Safeguards

MY own suggestion is regrettably old-fashioned. I would like to see the abolition from the world of strategic air lines. The strategic air line is the beginning and also sometimes the end of air power. It is a line established and run not for profit; but for "defence." It is really a military line.

The British Commonwealth of nations, it is said, would not have the air lines that it needs unless some of them (the ones to be run by British Overseas Airways if the proposals of the notorious White Paper are given legal force) are subsidized. No one stops to ask why it needs those air lines. No one wonders for what reason an air line should be established and operated when

nobody wants to use it. It is possible, of course, to argue that its benefits are so spread among the whole community that although no individual wants the line, the community as a whole does. But again what does the community as a whole want it for?

The honest answer—and the answer that is never officially given—is that the community as a whole wants the line for military purposes. Every subsidized air line is a military line. It is no good trying to pretend otherwise. If, therefore, the governments of the world could be prevailed upon to abstain from subsidizing any air line; if air lines were made to stand on their own economic feet and not on the taxpayer's toes; if, that is to say, air lines were run only where people wanted to use them, aviation would be on the way to finding a peace-time post for itself. I do not forget Sir Eric Geddes' striking definition of a subsidy as being something with which one "buys the future." But I think that the truth is that the use of subsidy is essentially military. There are good reasons, therefore, for hoping that the Government policy of making—in Mr. Churchill's own words of a much earlier day—civil aviation "fly by itself," will eventually become fully effective. It will not only save money; it may also save war.

F.R.S.

As far as I know Mr. B. N. Wallis is the only member of the aircraft industry to be elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. There are workers in aviation among the Fellows, but they are engaged at Government research stations and the like, one of them being



Air Commodore Donald Leslie Thomson, D.S.O., D.F.C., now a base commander in R.A.F. Bomber Command, won the D.F.C. in 1942 for his work in bombing attacks, and the citation to the D.S.O., awarded in 1944, stated that he had taken part in attacks against some of the most heavily defended targets. Born in India, he was educated at Dulwich College, and was a cadet at the R.A.F. College, Cranwell

Mr. W. S. Farren. Mr. Wallis is a truly independent worker and has long been with Vickers-Armstrongs Ltd. He developed the geodetic system of construction seen in the Wellesley and the Wellington. The Vickers-Armstrongs Wellesley, by the way, still holds the world's long-distance record with 7,159 miles non-stop. Two Wellesleys obtained the record simultaneously. But Mr. Wallis's work on bombs—especially on the tonner—has attracted more attention during the war. He has done more than all the strategic and tactical arguments to give an answer to the question of whether aircraft can sink modern battleships.

The number of Fellows of the Royal Society has varied greatly through the years and in a recent book the figures are quoted. It seems that a few years after the foundation of the Society there were 215 Fellows and that the number rose partly because laymen were admitted, until it reached 766. At the present time the number of Fellows is said to be about 460. It is, therefore, high honour and I know that all Mr. Wallis's friends will congratulate him.

Airborne

SICILY, Normandy, Arnhem and the Rhine—the Airborne operations have each shown an advance in planning upon its predecessor. Airborne forces, with existing equipment, cannot form an island of resistance within enemy territory and stay there for a long time. They must be capable of being relieved early. But the time may eventually come when an airborne force will be fully competent for long holding operations entirely on its own. Anyhow Allied development has been swift and well directed.

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GIFTS gratefully received by the Secretary, W. R. Vaughan, O.B.E., Church of England WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY, JOEL STREET, PINNER, MIDDLESEX.



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